

To Jas^d Jn. Douglas - with G^d best regards.

3 These two Poems were my earliest productions and were rather praised by the Reviewers - Robertson the Publisher, paid me £56 for the Rights of the Sale, and offered to buy the Copy right for £50 more - which I refused, being dissatisfied with them, and resolved never to republish them - But at the persuasion of J^r Warner, I did at the end of my 2^d Vol of *Thales* correct & republish the *Leucina*, under on the Model as I thought of Drydens fables -

This is the only copy left me, and as you are the only Poet I was ever acquainted with except S. Rogers - I send it you - I did not quite turn my back on the Muses however, and when, in great solitude at Weston ^{super mare} (before it was a watering place) they came and solaced me between the Showers of Misfortune, - ~~and~~ I finished that Poem on Home, which I was once near shewing you - and which I am not likely ever to Print - as I don't think it better than either of these.

G.C.

N. When I wrote these I had seen little of the world, and never been beyond Wales - but I had lived the fine acts from almost infancy - and sought them out, alone!

16 JY 60

16 JY 60



G. C. inv. fec.

At length a Cave sad refuge of despair,
Shelter'd her bosom from the midnight air.

LEWINA

THE

MAID OF SNOWDON.

A TALE.

BY

GEORGE CUMBERLAND. *K*

WITH ETCHINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

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—
M DCC XCIII.

LEWINA

THE

MAID OF SHONDON



FOR THE CUMBERLAND

WITH A HISTORY OF THE AREA

LONDON

PRINTED BY W. ALLEN, 10, SOUTH-WALL, LONDON

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LEWINA

THE

MAID OF SNOWDON.

PART I.

DEEP in a dingle wild, near SNOWDON's feat,
 To fame unknown, existed a retreat;
 Few mortal steps had ever ventur'd there,
 As yet no painter's pride, no poet's care;

B

Ever

Ever unfriendly to the haunts of men,
 Abrupt it ended in a sudden glen :
 Where rocks, o'er rocks suspended, brav'd the sky,
 Whence a rude torrent tumbled from on high.
 The oaks were ancient, where its heavy flood
 Dash'd thro' an amphitheatre of wood ;
 But when the blessed sun, in blessed spring,
 Had drawn forth ev'ry fresh and fragrant thing ;
 When his prolific beams had warm'd the root,
 Open'd the blossoms, and display'd the shoot ;
 The crystal waters straight to peace inclin'd,
 Sang to the rocks, or rippl'd to the wind.
 Oft silence reign'd, and melancholy sweet
 Chose in the shaggy caves her peaceful seat :
 There ev'ry morn a vocal chorus rung,
 And ev'ry eve night's sober praise was sung,

While

While all the things created that were there,
In voice, or silent beauty, gave their share.

The wealthy owner of this lovely spot
Knew not its charms, or had its charms forgot,
But sent a peasant swain, at his command,
To fell the forest, for a rood of land;
There, on a little mount, with labour clear'd,
The active LEWIN soon a cottage rear'd;
There brought the only treasures he possess'd,
His wife, his virtues, and a cheerful breast.
The early sun recall'd them from repose,
Gilding their little garden as it rose,
And when his glowing steeds retir'd to rest,
The lowly spot with ling'ring twilight drest.

Thus these began the world, their sum of wealth,
 Youth, fond affections, industry, and health:
 One only daughter liv'd to bless the pair,
 Whom long they foster'd with united care;
 Intent her native virtues to secure,
 They taught her little, but they kept her pure.
 Rise, artless Muse, and aid me to disclose
 The matchless beauty of this maiden-rose.

Of GUIDO's Magdalen conceive the face,
 In Grecian sculpture, ARIADNE's grace;
 Enrobe the image in a flowing stole,
 White and unfullied as the wearer's soul;
 Let fall a waving mass of auburn hair
 Of fifteen summers---and LEWINA's there.

Soft

Soft was her voice, and musically sweet,
 Her skin transparent, and her form compleat;
 Whate'er she said or did was sure to please,
 She spoke with blushes, while she mov'd with ease;
 And, little skill'd to judge of beauties praise,
 Blaz'd all unconscious, as the diamonds blaze.

Here let us pause---here let us ask the great,
 What could be wanting in this fair retreat?
 "Wealth?" wherefore wealth? to buy? to build? to plant?
 Where nature revels *that* would lead restraint.
 Behold the rich man's shrubbery and lawn;
 The NORMAN forest laughs his woods to scorn.*

* There cannot be a stronger proof of this folly, than about LINDHURST, where two small parks have been made, at a considerable expense, and by the destruction of numbers of little freeholds; yet the borders of each, being forest, are so beautiful, that persons of taste will not deign to look at them. I hope I may instance these, without offence, as neither were inclosed by the present occupiers.

*Yet George Rose grumbled at my note I heard. L And
 Had no Taste.*

And as for luxury, we ought to know,
 The source is common whence its pleasures flow.
 He only who has brav'd a winter's storm,
 Feels that 'tis luxury, the being warm;
 He, only he, who active labour knows,
 Can taste the luxury of sound repose;
 But *wit* or *knowledge*, call it which you will,
 Join'd with *society*, is wanting still.
 Yes: if precisely known where knowledge lies;
 Till NEWTON wrote, COPERNICUS was wise;
 And knowledge of mankind just serves to show
 How very little of mankind we know;
 As to society,---a few years past,
 Our home-bred circle brings the best at last.

Now

Now let us trace the pleasures of this pair.
 Methinks I see the slave of fashion stare;
 I also own the labour of the thing,---
 That, which is sweet to feel, is hard to sing.
 'Tis easy to describe the cruel chace,
 Or the dull sameness of th' insipid race;
 The lounging bather, and his morning's ride;
 The causeless journey, or the feast of pride;
 But when the song instructive would disclose,
 How equally heav'n's stream of bounty flows,
 Let it, with circumspective care, premise,
 What seem true pleasures, and from whence they rise.

Since all are equally expos'd, we know,
 Or rich, or poor, to feel the stripes of woe;

He

He, who of active vigour is possest,
 Arm'd by that vigour, will sustain them best :
 If it be granted, as it must by all,
 That things are relatively great or small ;
 Then is there no advantage of estate,
 And those, who live content, alone are great.
 If the pure soul, emancipate from vice,
 Enjoys a freedom far above all price,
 Own, with a muse, who, in her sober hours,
 Delights to twine a wreath of fruits and flowers,
 Likelier such freedom ever should reside
 Where riches tempt not as the passions guide.

Such were the comforts LEWIN'S soul possest,
 To cheer his solitude, and warm his breast ;

What

What pastimes to his little cot were dear,
 For once, O man of pleasure ! deign to hear.

To carve his fav'rite staff with tendrils round,
 Whose ample top, with root of oak was crown'd,
 "*When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,*"
 Fill'd up the space of many a rainy day ;
 His little bench, his honey-suckle bow'r,
 Improv'd the joys of many a vacant hour ;
 A pair of oaken chairs, a polish'd bill,
 Confess'd his labours, and his dext'rous skill ;
 An harp, that once a wand'ring minstrel strung,
 High on the wall, on leathern straps was hung,
 Which tortur'd often, never fail'd to raise
 His wife's affection, and his daughter's praise :

C

A jug

A jug of real china, coarse but neat,
 Serv'd to embellish many a summer's treat,
 Whose glowing colours often they survey'd,
 And greatly marvel'd how it could be made.
 On winter-evenings, LEWIN now and then,
 Related tales of cities, and of men;
 Of trav'ling archers, of a knight betray'd,
 Or battles fought, as he had heard it said;
 Or fair LEWINA tun'd a plaintive tale,
 Where echo answer'd to the nightingale:
 Nor found they ever, blending toil with song,
 The seasons tedious, or the day too long;
 For, unambitious to encrease their store,
 Health gave them much---but wise contentment more.

Thus

Thus fled the hours on pleasure's wings away,
 Unting'd with sorrow, till one fatal day,
 By fortune mark'd for transitory change,
 (From causes common spring adventures strange)
 Life, like a flow'r, unfolds its mystic form,
 And tranquil skies precede the awful storm :
 That morn our jolly woodman brisk and gay,
 Arm'd for the chace, anticipated day;
 To scrip and belt, a little keg was hung,
 Which o'er his manly chest LEWINA slung;
 Then kneeling, bound his boots in tender sort,
 And kiss'd his forehead as she wish'd him sport.

Light broke with silver lines; the morn was grey,
 And ev'ry sign bespoke a sultry day;

When the gay maiden, who had long in view,
 A bank where ripe the crimson strawbe'rry grew ;
 Ever intent with all *her* little pow'r,
 To deck the table, or adorn the bow'r ;
 Forth issuing, fleetly as the lapwing flew,
 So light of foot, she scarcely brush'd the dew,
 Deep by the margin of a shelving pool,
 To seek the berries, and to pick them cool :
 A rusby basket grac'd the virgin's arm,
 Woven with decent ornaments to charm ;
 Loose flow'd her waving hair, in part unbound ;
 Treading elastic, as she scorn'd the ground,
 Onward she sprang ; unfully'd form and mind,
 In all her movements, all her looks conjoin'd.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile day's recreative beams disclose,
 When, call'd by household cares, the mother rose;
 Her well-known voice allures the winged brood,
 The home-bred flock anticipate their food;
 She spreads abroad the dormant fire, and straight,
 Eases the udder of its precious freight.
 Willing her hands the morning's meal prepare;
 But no LEWINA came that meal to share.
 Hour after hour in sad succession came,
 And each with new forebodings fill'd the dame.
 Unable to pursue accustom'd toils,
 Down drops the distaff, and her soul recoils:
 Then, to a neighb'ring hill, oppress'd with cares,
 With doubtful palpitating heart repairs,
 Fondly imagining the vale would shew
 Her darling offspring, and her peace renew;

But

But when no daughter met her searching eyes,
 In sorrow's sharp and piercing notes she cries;---
 Echo, in sharp and piercing notes, replies.

Louder she rais'd her voice, then stoop'd to hear,
 Her sanguine with no longer checks the tear;
 It burst---Alas! alas! LEWINA's drown'd!
 Were the first words her sick'ning terrors found.

Swift as the hasty thought, which chill'd her blood,
 She cross'd the brook, and travers'd half the wood;
 Eagerly gain'd the summit of the steep,
 Then back return'd, to pray to heav'n and weep.
 Sometimes she fancy'd with approaching night,
 Fate would conduct her much-lov'd child to fight;

The

The thought a momentary peace supply'd,
Reviv'd her senses, and her sorrows dry'd;
But soon fresh agonies her bosom tost,
How tell a doating father all was lost?
How wring the bosom of her better part,
And plant a dagger in his cheerful heart?

Thus pass'd the dreadful day; yet, as it past,
Hope fed her eager wishes to the last.
Conceive, ye tender parents, for ye know,
What was the measure of a mother's woe;
Further of grief the Muse forbears to sing,
And for another circle plumes her wing.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

LEWINA
THE
MAID OF SNOWDON.

PART II.

“THE wealthy owner of this lovely spot,
“Knew not its charms, or had its charms forgot.”
So sings the outset of this simple tale,
When LEWIN first he sent to keep the vale;
But chance, which changes many, chang’d his mind,
And to a rural scene his thoughts inclin’d.

Weary

Weary he took a surfeit of the fare,
 Slander or flattery by turns prepare,
 Where adulation's prostituted crew,
 Make of their Deity their victim too;
 Weary he was of Senates, where we know,
 Few enter honest, or continue so;
 Sick of false-love, the shadow of delight,
 And soldiers who for gain, not honour, fight;
 Tir'd of fine compliments that nothing mean,
 He sought, in solitude, a change of scene,
 And to his manor, long expected, came,
 To spear the salmon, or pursue the game.
 A brace of faithful dogs, a youthful friend,
 Fond of poetic haunts, his steps attend;
 Worthy the man of such a friend, the youth,
 Frank, uncorrupted, gay, the soul of truth.

LEWIN's experience was to guide them right,
 His simple cottage the retreat at night.
 Eager his master's orders to obey,
 Our swain was ready by the break of day;
 To show a zealous service was his pride;
 Much honest greeting past on either side;
 Grateful acknowledgments, tho' rough, sincere,
 Spontaneous fell, and pleas'd the patron's ear.

The breath of morn o'er all their senses stole,
 (Whose soft reviving fragrance calms the soul)
 The dewy brilliants on each glitt'ring blade,
 Adorn'd with fleeting splendor every glade,
 They snuff'd the buxom breezes wing'd with health,
 And, treading Thymey carpets, blush'd for wealth.

All

All day they hunted, by success inspir'd,
Nor fought the valley till the sun retir'd ;
But who can paint the language of surprise
That broke from either, as it met their eyes ?
Words are but faint the image to pursue,
SALVATOR'S pencil, here, had trembled too !

Dark the gigantic rocks projecting hung,
Crown'd with grey-oaks, in rude disorder flung ;
Thund'ring and hoarse a smoking torrent fell,
Spreading a dingy wave, and foamy swell,
Whose rushing streams in curling eddies sweep,
Loud-sounding, rapid, turbulent, and deep.

Enormous fragments in the waters lay,
Whose fall with desolation mark'd their way,

And made the mighty blocks that round them flood,
 Seem like the pebbles of the roaring flood.
 Enamell'd meads the torrent's bounda'ry close,
 Whence native woods in grand succession rose;
 Thro' which, progressive, in majestic pride,
 Slow winding rills like silver serpents glide;
 Nor fails, to blend the various tints in one,
 The sidelong glances of a setting sun.

Too soon these visions left their wond'ring eyes,
 Too soon pale twilight's awful shades arise :
 Ease and refreshment next their fancies court,
 The night's composure, and the morning's sport ;
 As down the winding path they move along,
 LEWIN regales them with a mountain-song ;

Loud

Loud rang the chorus, wafted far and wide,
 Nature burst in sincere, and banish'd pride ;
 All forms of art, all scenes of shew forgot,
 The master half desir'd the rustic's lot,
 Whilst *he*, with gene'rous zeal elated high,
 Envy'd no mortal man beneath the sky :---
 Ah ! little dream'd his bosom how it far'd,
 Tears, Sorrow, Ruin, was the feast prepar'd

With trembling expectation, scarce alive,
 His wretched partner saw the troop arrive ;
 But when she found no long-sought daughter there,
 Her passions rose in eloquent despair,
 " Then all is over, all is past," she said,
 " LEWIN---our child is lost---LEWINA's dead !"

As

As two fresh poplars, by the light'ning's brand
Scorch'd to the centre, sap-exhausted stand;
So stood, with pallid looks, the sinking pair,
Smit to the soul, in motionless despair.

Alarm'd to see her husband's dumb surprise,
Tears first reliev'd the hopeless mother's eyes;
Carelessly she clasp'd his neck around,
And bade him live, in many a tender sound;
At length, as some dark cloud, o'ercharg'd with rain,
Breaks, and in torrents deluges the plain,
Tears and loud sobs reliev'd his swelling breast,
While close the sharer of his pangs he prest.

Amaz'd, the guests beheld their piercing grief,
And sought humanely to afford relief;

“ O !

“ O! had ye seen,” the weeping swain replied,
“ This healthy plant, the source of all our pride ;
“ Or, setting all her native charms apart,
“ Had ye but known her nobleness of heart ;
“ The many ways by which she knew to please,
“ Cheerful at labour, frolicsome at ease ;
“ Her matchless tenderness,” the wife rejoin’d,
“ Her care, her mildness, and her virtuous mind ;
“ Her duteous wishes ne’er our hopes to cross,
“ Then ye would weep with us, who fear her loss !”

Touch’d with the picture of their artless woes,
The youthful stranger’s honest bosom glows ;
“ And why despair?” the generous youth replied ;
“ To seek this jewel, let us each divide :

“ Grief

" Grief makes all equal ; 'tis the general lot ;

" Misfortune strikes the palace and the cot !"

He spoke ; and long before the break of day,

Each took, with beating breast, his several way.

Meanwhile return we to the maid, and tell

What sad mischance her erring steps befel.

Light as the gossamer, her way she took,

And, sprightly as a kidling, cross'd the brook ;

The gilded finch, that flutter'd in her way,

In all his gaudy plumage, seem'd less gay ;

The little flow'rs, that sprang beneath her feet,

In all their native sweetness, seem'd less sweet ;

Pleas'd with the verdure of the teeming land,

Smiling, she felt her merry heart expand,

Nor

Nor seem'd the fruit she gather'd, as it grew,
Fuller of fragrance, or more fresh to view.

And now, in glorious vivid colours wrought,
High on a cliff some flow'rs her fancy caught ;
To gain the ridges of the frowning steep,
A broken way remain'd, the track of sheep,
Whose craggy path she climb'd, with blithsome air,
As wild as mountain-goat, as free from care.
Arriv'd with labour on the rugged top,
Fear, and fatigue united, made her stop ;
Her flutt'ring soul was fill'd with new delight,
When SNOWDON'S purple regions rose to sight ;
A thousand glitt'ring forms the sun reveal'd,
A thousand yawning gulphs the shade conceal'd ;

E

Struck

Struck with the awful scene that burst to view,
 So wild, so far extended, and so new,
 Long time she gaz'd; but when alarm'd at last,
 Tow'rd the deep vale her roving eyes she cast,
 And saw the steep and horrible descent,
 That down precipitous its passage bent;
 Who can describe her unavailing fears,
 Tumultuous tremblings, starts, and silent tears?
 And as a maid, by promis'd pleasure led,
 Forfaking home in gayer paths to tread,
 If just reflexion paint her former state,
 Sighs for its peaceful joys, but sighs too late;
 So look'd LEWINA for her lov'd abode,
 So fought to find it by another road.

Deceiv'd

Deceiv'd by distance, and by fear oppress'd,
 All day she wander'd, weeping and distress'd;
 Nor for herself alone her terrors rose,
 She lov'd her parents, and partook their woes;
 Quick sensibility encreas'd her cares,
 And keenly added all her own to theirs;
 At length a cave, sad refuge of despair,
 Shelter'd her bosom from the midnight air;
 Where mingling fervent prayers with tears and sighs,
 Tired nature, quite exhausted, clos'd her eyes.

The morrow brought, revisiting her fight,
 Returning terrors with returning light;
 Then poor LEWINA rose, and fear-constrain'd,
 Clasping her beauteous hands, aloud complain'd:

" Oh hapless creature ! whither shall I stray ?

" How, in this tangled lab'rinth, find my way ?

" A wasting death will soon my portion be ;

" And some cold cavern yield a grave to me."

Thus, to the dark relentless rocks, she cried,

" *Live ! lovely virgin, live !*" a voice replied ;

And lo ! before our sinking maiden stood,

The youthful stranger who had trac'd the wood.

Stunn'd and o'erwhelm'd, with deep unfeign'd surprise,

Joy made him seem an angel to her eyes ;

" *Live ! virgin, live !*" again the stranger said,

Not less astonish'd than the beauteous maid ;

She would have spoke, but pleasure check'd her tongue,

And fainting nature ev'ry nerve unstrung ;

MONTGOM'RY

MONTGOM'RY saw those evanescent charms,
And caught the trembler in a lover's arms ;
" Live, sweetest maid !" he cried, " my life to save,
" Or take my spirit with thee to the grave ;
" Oh, too, too beauteous ! Oh enchanting flow'r !
" Meet to adorn of love the bridal bow'r,
" Lift up thy drooping head, to light arise,
" Return to slay, or save me, with those eyes !"

Shortly restor'd, an animating red,
O'er all her form the hue of roses spread ;
Nor be conceal'd the source from whence it came,
MONTGOM'RY'S kiss recall'd both life and shame ;
Yet too sincere her gratitude to hide,
She look'd correction, where she could not chide.

Reprov'd,

Reprov'd, the bold intruder bow'd his head,
 And his fair prize, half-breathless, homeward led,
 Studious with silent and attentive care,
 Her fears to banish, and his fault repair ;
 And thus, at length, her confidence renew'd,
 He woo'd successful, for with looks he woo'd.---
 Thro' many a wild and tangl'd way they past,
 And, faint and weary, reach'd the cot at last ;
 Where, ere she enter'd, and renew'd her claims,
 She call'd her parents by the tend'rest names ;
 Soon as the mother heard the well-known sound,
 Conviction whisper'd that her all was found ;
 She flew to meet her, and in accents wild,
 With frantic joy, exclaim'd,---“ My child ! My child !”

So

So when some inexperienc'd lamb has stray'd,
 Lur'd by a flow'ry bank, or chequer'd shade,
 And, gazing round, perceives itself alone,
 In plaintive bleatings its distress is shown;
 But when the parent, parted from its eyes
 By some thick shrub, in plaintive notes replies,
 Oh! what unfeign'd rejoicings when they meet!
 How the head struggles with the bursting teat!
 Till mutually caressing and carefs'd,
 Softly reclin'd, they play themselves to rest.

Thus peace restor'd, and ev'ry heart made gay,
 Each day that follow'd, seem'd a holyday:
 MONTGOM'RY offer'd honourable vows,
 And gain'd LEWINA for his willing spouse;

His

His friend, unfluenc'd by the voice of pride,
 Cheerfully gave the dow'ry and the bride;
 Half the domain bestow'd to build a feat;
 And half retain'd, to form his own retreat;
 Where, as Fame tells, he annually retires
 To taste repose, and view their lasting fires;
 For Time takes nothing from their loves away,
 Since pure affections never know decay.

16 JY 60

FINIS.

ERRATUM.

Note, Page 5—for, look at *them*—read, look at the *Enclosures*.

